MARVEL

2

PARENTAL ADVISORY

TIERI • FERREIRA • POGGI • ROSENBERG

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL

TYLER KIRKHAM
a/f

YEARS AGO, SPIDER-MAN UNWITTINGLY BROUGHT AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL **SYMBIOTE** TO EARTH. IN THE ENSUING YEARS, THE PARASITIC ORGANISM AND ITS MANY OFFSPRING BONDED TO DOZENS OF HEROES AND VILLAINS, TEMPORARILY AMPLIFYING THEIR SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES.

BUT THE SYMBIOTES ALSO LEFT TRACES OF THEIR GENETIC MATERIAL WITHIN THEIR HOSTS. CALLED A **CODEX**, THESE DORMANT CELLS NOW SERVE AS A BEACON, BECKONING THE DEADLY SYMBIOTE **CARNAGE** AS HE COLLECTS THE CODICES TO RESURRECT HIS GOD: **KNULL.**

CARNAGE AND HIS FOLLOWERS HAD OVERRUN RAVENCROFT INSTITUTE FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE WHEN **DEADPOOL** CAME TO CHECK IN. HE WAS FINALLY FOLLOWING SPIDER-MAN'S ADVICE TO SEEK PROFESSIONAL HELP, BUT HIS TIMING COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WORSE. A FIERY CLASH ENSUED, AND DEADPOOL ONLY JUST ESCAPED.

NOW, AS THE ONLY ONE TO HAVE BONDED WITH **FOUR** SYMBIOTES, DEADPOOL IS A PRIME TARGET...

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL

FRANK TIERI
WRITER

MARCELO FERREIRA
PENCILER

ROBERTO POGGI & ANDY OWENS
INKERS

RACHELLE ROSENBERG COLOR ARTIST

VC's JOE SABINO LETTERER

TYLER KIRKHAM & ARIF PRIANTO COVER ARTISTS

MARK BAGLEY, ANDREW HENNESSEY & JASON KEITH [CODEX];
ROB LIEFELD & ROMULO FAJARDO JR. VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

ADAM DEL RE
LOGO DESIGN

LINDSEY COHICK
ASSISTANT EDITOR

JAKE THOMAS
EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PRESIDENT

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

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WILL O' THE WISP.

CONUNDRUM.

FREAK.

ONETIME PRISONERS OF RAVENCROFT, OUR LORD KNULL WELCOMES YOU TO THE FAMILY.

STAN'S SOAPBOX

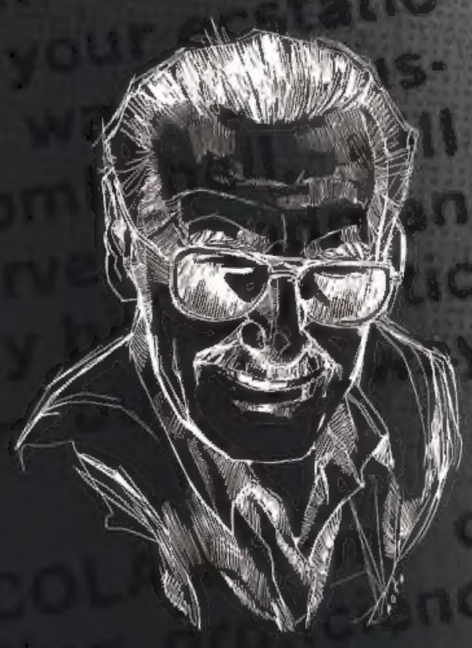
For many years we've been trying, in our own bumbling way, to illustrate that love is a far greater force, a far greater power than hate. Now we don't mean you're expected to go around like a pirouetting Pollyanna, tossing posies at everyone who passes by, but we do want to make a point. Let's consider three men: Buddha, Christ, and Moses . . . men of peace, whose thoughts and deeds have influenced countless millions throughout the ages — and whose presence still is felt in every corner of the earth. Buddha, Christ, and Moses . . . men of good will, men of tolerance, and especially men of love. Now, consider the practitioners of hate who have sullied the pages of history. Who still venerates their words? Where is homage still paid to their memory? What banners still are raised to their cause? The power of love — and the power of hate. Which is most truly enduring? When you tend to despair . . . let the answer sustain you.

Excelsior!

Smiley

GRAINGER, North Carolina . . . our pal SAL BUSCEMA, Virginia; while Jaunty J. STERANKO and Joltin' J. CRAIG both have their pads in Pennsylvania . . . Torrid TOM SUTTON, Massachusetts . . . JIM (Madman) MOONEY, Connecticut . . . and Valiant VINCE COLLETTA, Jumpin' JOHNNY SEVERIN, and Genial GENE COLAN, all nesting in New Jersey! The rest of us share the same high taxes and traffic jams in New York and Long Island — darn it! (And we never DID find out where Honest Irv holes up!)

Now, before cutting out, we've just gotta tell you about Jolly SOLLY BRODSKY. A few days ago he announced that he, stunned the children were finally



STAN LEE
FOREVER

I WELCOME YOU.

'COURSE, WE'RE TALKING "*FAMILY*," NOT FAMILY, HERE. THE CAPITAL "F" VARIETY, IF YA SEE WHAT I'M SAYING.

MEANING YA ACTUALLY GOTTA EARN YOUR BONES. IN THIS CASE...

TO CLETUS ♡
MISS ME?
XOXO
DP

...BY OFFING THIS BONEHEAD.

"SEE, AFTER DEADPOOL WENT ALL '*FLAME ON*' ON RAVENCROFT, IT OCCURRED TO ME...

"...THAT IDIOT IS ACTUALLY A #@!$ UNICORN."

HE MERGED WITH *FOUR* DIFFERENT SYMBIOTES...*

*FIVE IF YOU COUNT *DEADPOOL: BACK IN BLACK!*
--JAKE T.**

**WE DON'T.
--DEVIN***

****GET OUT OF MY BOOK, DEVIN!*
--JAKE T.

...MAKING HIS SPINE THE CODEX VERSION OF FRIGGIN' WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

SHUNK

AND I WANNA TURN OVER SOME LETTERS, VANNA!

RRRRR!!!

DEADPOOL'S SAFE & HOUSE COMIC STORE

"...IF YA EAT THE REAL THING, JUST MAKE SURE YA COUGH UP THAT SPINE."

I LOVE YOU.

AND I LOVE YOU. AND YOU. AND ESPECIALLY YOU.

YOU? I THINK WE SHOULD JUST BE FRIENDS. BUT THE REST OF YOU?

WOLVERINE SUCKS! #1

DEADPOOL'S SECRET BACK ROOM!

MAY OR MAY NOT CONTAIN WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION.

I LOVE YOU ALL!

LET'S NEVER BE APART AGAIN. I MEAN, WHAT WAS I THINKING? LEAVING THE HOUSE WITHOUT ONE OF YOU GUYS.

I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT ANY UNDERWEAR.

AGAIN.

BUT YOU, .44 MAGNUM. I THINK I MISSED YOU MOST OF ALL.

SMOOTC, SMOOTCH SMOOTCH

BRRRING

OH, FOR... CAN'T A GUY HAVE AN INAPPROPRIATELY INTIMATE MOMENT WITH HIS GUN IN PEACE? THIS BETTER BE GOOD, WHOEVER THIS IS...

WADE! THANK GOD I GOT AHOLD OF YOU.

NEW PHONE, WHO DIS?

COME ON, WADE. THIS IS IMPORTANT...

HMPH. I USED TO THINK OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS IMPORTANT. BUT THEN YOU DISCARDED IT LIKE IT WAS DISGUSTING AND SHAMEFUL.

OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS THE "*PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT*" OF FRIENDSHIPS TO YOU.

WADE, PLEASE. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.

I NEED YOUR HELP.

WHAP

WOW. THIS IS, LIKE, THE WORST APOLOGY EVER.

THE "*PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT*" OF APOLOGIES, EVEN. AND ALSO, NON-NEW YORK PIZZA. LIKE, FROM CLEVELAND OR SOMETHING.

THWIP

WADE, WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER WITH I PROMISE I WILL TAKE YOU FOR THE NEW YORKIEST PIZZA OF ALL TIME. HELL, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AND DEREK JETER WILL BE SERVING IT TO YOU.

BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED YOU--AS SOMEONE WHO HASN'T EVER BONDED WITH A SYMBIOTE BEFORE-- TO HELP ME FIGHT CARNAGE.

UGH, ABOUT THAT...

I SWEAR, YOU BOND WITH A SYMBIOTE ONE TIME AND YOU NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT.

GREAT. I WAS COUNTING ON YOU TO--

UH-OH. GOTTA GO. LOOKS LIKE CARNAGE JUST SENT THE "PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT" OF SYMBIOTE BAD GUYS AFTER ME. LATERS!

CLICK

WADE? WADE?

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DAMN IT.

WE TOLD YOU YOU DIDN'T NEED YOUR STUPID FRIEND.

NOT WHEN YOU HAVE US.

ACTUALLY...

"...I THINK IT'S MY STUPID FRIEND WHO NEEDS HELP NOW."

MY GOD, SO MANY GUNS...

WHO DESIGNED THIS PLACE? CHARLES BRONSON'S GHOST?

TOO BAD BRONSON'S GHOST DIDN'T PAY THE LIGHT BILL.

ALLOW ME TO AMEND THAT.

THERE HE IS! CARNAGE WANTS HIS SPINE...

...BUT HE SAID NOTHIN' ABOUT HIS HEAD!

SWAT

HA! I DONE GOOD! THINK CARNAGE WILL LET ME KEEP HIS HEAD? HE'S COLLECTIN' SPINES, I FIGURE MAYBE I SHOULD START COLLECTIN' SOMETHIN', TOO.

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT

ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S FAKE

IT'S ALL FAKE. FACE IT, LADS.

...WE'VE BEEN HAD.

GOES THE DYNAMITE!

IT SAYS, "BLANK GOES THE DYNAMITE"?

I DON'T GET IT

KABOOO

...DEEP-FRIED CONUNDRUM.

WHAT? NO SZECHUAN DIPPING SAUCE?

STAB

BUMMER.

LIFE IS FULL OF DISAPPOINTMENTS, I'M AFRAID...

SKUNK

SKUNK

SKUNK

...MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT NOW.

I'M FAIRLY DISAPPOINTED IN SUDDENLY BECOMING A HUMAN PINCUSHION, IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FIREMAN WHEN I GREW UP.

OR A PROCTOLOGIST.

OR A FIREMAN PROCTOLOGIST, IF THAT'S A THING. IF NOT, LET'S MAKE IT A THING.

LAUGH WHILE YOU STILL CAN. YOUR LITTLE TRICK MAY HAVE DONE IN POOR CONUNDRUM, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK ON US.

I CAN BECOME INTANGIBLE, FOR ONE THING.

AND I CAN REGURGITATE.

REGENERATE, YOU IDIOT.

GEE, THAT IS TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T FALL FOR MY LITTLE TRICK...

...THEN HOW ABOUT THIS ONE? THE OLD "FAKE BEING MORTALLY WOUNDED WHILE YOU PULL OUT A FLAMETHROWER" GAG GETS 'EM EVERY TIME!

FOOOOSH

UM... MOST OF THE TIME?

WHAT GIVES? I THOUGHT FIRE WAS LIKE...WELL, FIRE TO YOU SYMBIOTE CLOWNS.

OTHER SYMBIOTES, PERHAPS. BUT WHAT PART OF INTANGIBLE DID YOU NOT GET?

OR REGURGITATE?!

AGAIN... REGENERATE, YOU IDIOT.

CHOMP

HEY! THAT WAS MY FAVORITE FLAMETHROWER!

HAD IT SINCE GRADE SCHOOL.

HELL, I EVEN WENT ON TO MINOR IN FLAMETHROWER IN COLLEGE.

JUST SO YOU KNOW, THOUGH...

BLAM BLAM BLAM

...SHOOTING THE $%#& OUTTA REPUGNANT DILLBAGS WAS MY MAJOR.

OBVIOUSLY, YOU WEREN'T VERY GOOD AT DOING YOUR HOMEWORK, OTHERWISE YOU'D ALSO KNOW I CAN ADJUST MY DENSITY, MAKING MYSELF SUPER HARD.

KRAK

YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE SHOOTING BLANKS AT ME, TOO!

WHAM

YA KNOW, THERE'S A JOKE THERE... BUT I'M LEAVING IT ALONE.

AGAIN... LEAVING IT ALONE.

OKAY, TIME TO END THIS. HERE'S ANOTHER POWER I'M QUITE CERTAIN YOU'RE UNAWARE OF.

...MY POWER OF THE MIND.

LOOK AT MY LIGHTS, DEADPOOL.

SUCH PRETTY LIGHTS.

YOU WILL NOW TAKE YOUR BLADE...

SUCH A PRETTY BLADE.

...AND INSERT IT IN YOUR BACK...

SUCH A PRETTY BACK.

...REMOVING THAT ALL-IMPORTANT SPINE OF YOURS.

SUCH A PRETTY SPINE OF MINE.

YOU WILL NOW--

URK!

STAB YOU WITH MY OTHER KNIFE.

HOW...?

WELL, POWERS OF THE MIND SOMETIMES DON'T WORK SO GREAT ON ME. SINCE I'M ABSOLUTELY OUT OF MINE.

SO I FIGURED I'D PLAY ALONG, KNOWING INTANGIBILITY ONLY WORKS WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING. OR, IN OTHER WORDS...

...MAYBE I DID MORE HOMEWORK THAN YOU THOUGHT.

YEAH, WELL, HOMEWORK AIN'T GONNA WORK ON ME. I'M PRACTICALLY INVINCIBLE!

WELL, THEN. LET'S JUST TEST THAT THEORY, SHALL WE?

RATATATATATATAT

MACHINE GUNS.

CHECK! HA!

GRENADE LAUNCHER.

CHECK!

BOOM BOOM

CHOOM

BAZOOKA.

UM...STILL CHECK!

BIG, RIDICULOUS, LIEFELD-ESQUE GUN THAT I STOLE FROM CABLE AND JUST GAVE ME A HERNIA.

BA-BOOM BA-BOOM

UH... UH...

I'D PUT A "NO" CHECK NEXT TO THAT ONE, BIG GUY.

BUT...BUT... I'M SUPPOSED TO RE...RE...

REGENERATE, YOU IDIOT.

YA KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK WE FINALLY OVERLOADED YOU TO THE POINT THAT I CAN TAKE THE TEENIEST DROP OF WATER...

...AND YOU JUST WROTE A *CHECK! CHECK! CHECK!* THAT YOUR UGLY ASS COULDN'T CASH. AND NOW...

SPLAT

AND NOW...I'M WEARING HIS UGLY ASS.

YEAH, SURE, I WON. BUT AT WHAT COST? I THINK I TASTE SPLEEN.

AT LEAST I HOPE THAT'S SPLEEN. GOD, PLEASE LET THAT BE SPLEEN. I...

ACK!

SIGH I GUESS WHAT THEY SAY IS TRUE...

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...DON'T SEND SYMBIOTE BOYS TO DO A KASADY'S JOB.

NORMAN?

CLETUS.

BUT...ACK... YOU SOUND LIKE NORMAN OSBORN.

I'M CLETUS KASADY.*

OH MAN... IF THIS ISN'T THE "PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT" OF "WHO'S ON FIRST?" ROUTINES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS...

NEXT:
DEADPOOL VS. NORMAN OSBORN!
(WHO THINKS HE'S CLETUS. BUT ISN'T. WE SWEAR.)
(HE'S ALSO NOT ON FIRST.)

*NOPE, HE'S NORMAN! CHECK OUT *ASM #800!* --JAKE T.

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